To put him to ill thinking.
Em. Is he not iealous?
Des. Who he? I thinke the Sun where he was borne,
Drew all such humors from him. *Enter* Othello.
Em. Looke where he comes.
Des. I will not leaue him now,
Till *Cassio* be cald to him: how is it with you my Lord?
Oth. Well my good Lady: O hardneſſe to diſſemble:
How doe you *Desdemona*?
Des. Well, my good Lord.
Oth. Giue me your hand, this hand is moiſt my Lady.
Des. It yet has felt no age, nor knowne no ſorrow.
Oth. This argues fruitfulneſſe and liberall heart,
Hot, hot, and moyſt, this hand of yours requires
A ſequeſter from liberty: faſting and praying,
Much caſtigation, exerciſe deuout;
For here's a young and ſweating deuill here,
That commonly rebels: tis a good hand,
A franke one.
Des. You may indeed ſay ſo,
For twas that hand that gaue away my heart.
Oth. A liberall hand, the hearts of old gaue hands,
But our new herraldry is hands, not hearts.
Des. I cannot ſpeake of this; come now your promiſe.
Oth. What promiſe chucke?
Des. I haue ſent to bid *Cassio* come ſpeake with you.
Oth. I haue a ſalt and ſullen rhume offends me,
Lend me thy handkerchiefe.
Des. Here my Lord.
Oth. That which I gaue you.
Des. I haue it not about me.
Oth. Not.
Des. No indeed my Lord.
Oth. Thats a fault: that handkerchiefe
Did an *Egyptian* to my mother giue,
She was a Charmer, and could almoſt reade
The thoughts of people; ſhe told her while ſhe kept it,
Twould make her amiable, and ſubdue my father.

Intirely to her loue: But if ſhe loſt it,
Or made a gift of it; my fathers eye
Should hold her loathed, and his ſpirits ſhould hunt
After new fancies: She dying, gaue it me,
And bid me, when my fate would haue me wiue,
To giue it her; I did ſo, and take heed on't,
Make it a darling, like your pretious eye,
To looſe, or giue't away, were ſuch perdition,
As nothing elſe could match.
Des. I'ſt poſſible?
Oth. Tis true, ther's magicke in the web of it,
A Sybell that had numbred in the world,
The Sun to courſe two hundred compaſſes,
In her prophetique fury, ſowed the worke:
The wormes were hallowed that did breed the ſilke,
And it was died in Mummy, which the skilfull
Concerue of Maidens hearts.
Des. Indeed, i'ſt true?
Oth. Moſt veritable, therefore looke to't well.
Des. Then would to God that I had neuer ſeene it.
Oth. Ha, wherefore?
Des. Why doe you ſpeake ſo ſtartingly and raſh?
Oth. I'ſt loſt? i'ſt gone? ſpeake, is it out o'the way?
Des. Bleſſe vs.
Oth. Say you?
Des. It is not loſt, but what and if it were?
Oth. Ha.
Des. I ſay it is not loſt.
Oth. Fetch't, let me ſee it,
Des. Why ſo I can ſir, but I will not now,
This is a tricke, to put me from my ſuite,
I pray let *Cassio* be receiu'd againe.
Oth. Fetch me that handkerchiefe, my mind miſgiues.
De. Come, come, you'l neuer meet a more ſufficient man.
Oth. The handkerchiefe.
Des. A man, that all his time
Hath founded his good fortunes on your loue,
Shar'd dangers with you.

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